

A P O E M
ON THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
Sir James SMITH,
The Present
Lord M A Y O R
Of the CITY of LONDON.

NOW may the Loyal once more hope to see
The CITY Blest, with civil Majesty;
The People pleas'd with their Monarchs choice,
The WHIGS confounded; and the Church rejoyce;
Since he is chosen to possess the CHAIRE,
Who never knew no other honour here:
Then to discharge those duties, which the just
Carries untainted with them to the dust,
In whose exact, and credible demean,
Much Loyalty and Justice may be seen.
Justice, that may mistaken Zeal recall,
And turn the Sword, which pointed to *whitehall*,
Against those Rebels, that wou'd destroy us all.
Rebels, that wou'd destructively once more,
Unthroned their King, and Tap our *English* gore,
Whose tender consciences digest no Law,
But what was made to keep their KING in awe;
Who rather than their cause shou'd perish yet
Wou'd draw on Heaven, if Heaven wou'd suffer it;
Proud and ungrateful Wretches, that must be
By Justice last into fidelity.
Or nothing else their pride can countermand,
Not *Argos* Eyes, nor yet *Briarus* hands;
In these litigious times can scarcely do,
Without the helir of Heaven and *Cæsar* too.
Therefore let Justice then their ACTS regard
And on this spacious CITY Watch and Ward:
But since the Scales will now be ballanc'd true,
And held at once by God our King and you,
What can we fear when govern'd we shall be,
By this thrice great, thrice blest Triumvir.